

Edgar C. C. C.

The Osteopath's Boast.

By

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When God made man, he gave him bone
For the Osteopath to work upon;
He gave him nerve and he gave him muscle
That he might surely stand the tussle
Of getting well.

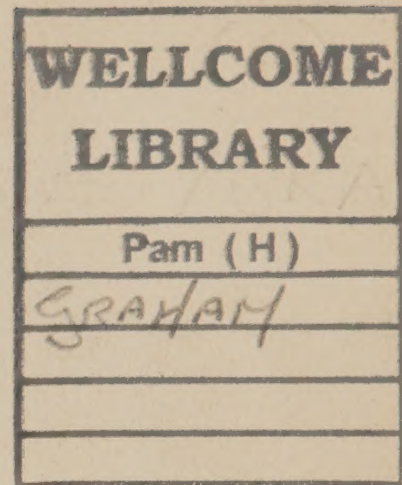
For no more pain shall you endure
For there's nothing I can't cure,
Oh! I am an Osteopath!
Oh! I am an Osteopath!

Mankind has many ills,
For which the doctor's pills
Do naught but make him worse,
And decrease the family purse,
And all to no purpose;
But no more pain shall you endure.
For there's nothing I can't cure,
For I am an Osteopath!
Oh! I am an Osteopath!

The spinal column is the place
That raises hell with the human race,
For the nerves get caught in the bones that slip,
And will not let go their bull dog grip
Until we put them back again.
But no more pain shall you endure,
For there's nothing I can't cure,
For I am an Osteopath!
Oh! I am an Osteopath!

It matters not from what you suffer,
Neuralgia, gout or something tougher,
Measles, diphtheria or whooping cough,
We can cure them all ~~first night~~ straight off, *just right*.
By settin' the bones.
But no more pain shall you endure,
For there's nothing I can't cure,
For I am an Osteopath!
Oh! I am an Osteopath!

No masseurs nor masseuses we
For they do naught but rub and patter!
While we take the pressure off the nerves,
And thus get at the root of the matter,
And cure the patients all.
But no more pain shall you endure,
For there's nothing I can't cure,
For I am an Osteopath!
Oh! I am an Osteopath!



The doctors do not love us good,
But call us a satanic brood,
And wish us off from this great earth
For we just ruin all their mirth
And jolly fun.
But no more pain shall you endure,
For there's nothing I can't cure,
For I am an Osteopath!
Oh! I am an Osteopath!

The Osteopath's Lament.

By

DOUGLASS GRAHAM, M. D., Boston, Mass.

O Lord, forgive us for our sin,
For surely we've been taken in
By that Great Mogul of the woolly West
Whose name befits him when at rest, —
The mighty Still.
Of English he knows very little,
Of French and German not a whittle:
Of Latin and Greek he never heard *de*
Or he would ne'er have cribbed the word
That has befooled us all:
Osteopathy—disease of bone—
For misuse of this, we can't atone;
It may be used for disease,
But ne'er for any treatment, please.

Alas! Alas! it is not true
That what we thought our art is new;
It has been known from ages past,
From Adam down to the very last.
Hippocrates knew of its virtues sure
And with it did work many a cure;
Anatripsis, called it he,
Which just puts us right up a tree,
It is an oak where acorns grow,
And they press hard upon our toe,
For our feet are soft and tender yet
And our shoes are not a very good fit

Galen of this art did write well
And Celsus much did also tell;
Oribasius much had to say
And so did old Ambroise Paré.
Great Caesar was in this way cured
Of what by others was endured
And still is at the present day
A bad sort of "Neuralajay."



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In later times there's many a man
Who has won distinction with his clan
By advocating some new name
For something old to spread his fame;
But this small grace is not for us.
And that is why we make a fuss.

In good old Scotland's isle
There lived the Duke of Argyle,
A man of very great merit,
Who, without claiming at all any credit,
Put up posts on his vast estate
So that his tenants need not wait
For an Osteopathic O. D.
To scratch their backs just a wee.
They suffered so much from the itch,
It made them as crazy's a witch,
And as they rubbed their own backs with a smile
Exclaimed, "God bless the Duke of Argyle!"

There's Henrik Ling, who had the knack
Of twisting the bones an' putting them back;
The "Movement Cure" he called his art,
And this is not so far apart
From what we practise nowadays
And thus get such uncalled-for praise.
Mortimer Granville of London, too,
Who makes us feel so very blue,
He did find out the art so fine
Of vibrating nerves along the spine,
Which we did think was all our own;
And thus the seed for strife is sown.

Old Doc. Munroe of Boston town,
The nerve adjuster of renown—
We have but learned of his skill,
Which makes us feel just almost ill;
If he were but alive to-day
We would not have a word to say,
We'd hang our heads for very shame,
For surely we are much to blame.
If we had only had horse-sense
We'd been more on our own defence.
And looked this matter up before,
And that is what we now deplore.
In French and German much we'd find,
In English too unless we're blind;
It is Massage when rightly done,
And that just ruins all our fun;
But this—but this we cannot do
And that is why it is not true.

